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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A NEW ENGLAND GIRL. BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XVIII. "Let no one be called happy till his death" To which I add—Let no one till his death

"Will ye step into the mistress's room? James is afther wishing ye, Miss."

I met the chambermaid with this message, as I came down stairs to breakfast next morning, and proceeded at once to Mrs. Ellis's private room. James Sancroft was leaning over the bed; without raising his head, or changing

his attitude, he beckoned me to approach. "What is the matter, sir?" I asked, as I I came to his side. But I needed no reply, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and then he when I looked upon the face lying upon his addedarm-the vacant stare, the contorted mouththe firm, resolute lips awry, flaccid, and speechless. She had a stroke of paralysis.

"When did it happen, sir?" more nerve and firmness than the others; be- over. sides, she is used to you. Will you have the goodness to stay by her, and rub her side and

were only sleeping; but I saw his lip tremble clamorous outeries.

It was two days before she spoke, and then with great difficulty, and only in monosyllables.

In the mean time it was said in the school room

would wank as callel mourner to his grave. But for one thing I was thankful—they did not speak of softening the blow to themselves; they mother's, I feel quite sure of. It relates to resembling paralysis." Miss Lathrop's duties in them that said, plainly enough, "His gain thin and care worn you have grown! You are ill! Mother, James has been putting too much sided by James Sancroft, and she passed night

It might have been the fourth or fifth day natural voice, to whom he was writing.

" To Michal, mother." "You have not told her"-she did not fin-

He looked at her penetratingly a second, and scon! # to the door, to say he was wanted.

"Let her be, let her be, she murmured-then. self, at which I came forward to assist her, she

Michal had recently sent me an unsealed and seemed to revel in its delicious atmosphere and its associations, historical and artistical, like a prisoner just set free. " Now for the is no longer cramped, my tastes contravened, by tasks at once irk-ome and disagreeable. could not elevate them to the rank of joys!" I briefly repeated something of this in Mrs. Ellis, not daring to do otherwise; but I doubted if she comprehended, for she scemed sinking into one of her states of lethargy. But I was mistaken; presently she muttered—"Tastes explain it in so many words. contravened—irksomotasks—I never compelled "No will!" she interrupted verses, knowing not, poor child, that we are all needed no wills—the property went from father

"I shall never write again, James, never, have finished my task. My sons are educated ling! med. I have secured them position and influeyce and wealth-for Rathsay Cavendish would but she has gone among strangers to be happy. Duty should be happiness; but they all cannot

doubts of the infallibility of her theory of life, up, still weak, but cool and reserved as ever.

More than a week had elapsed, and I had not single word, his heritage to strangers! " visited old Alice yet. I knew she would excuse me, for James Sancroft had, as he told me, called there the morning after his mother's atterly impossible for me to prove my birth—even offer, she had doubtless something more adtack, to inform them, and found the Professor my right to bear my father's name." had left very early that morning for New Haven, on business. I felt anxious and forebo- I mind his very look and tone when he bade are? ding—I longed for my uncle to return—and yet I dreaded the effect the announcement of my kinship to him would have on Mrs. Ellis in the truth, an' the word of an honest woman which she had sanctioned, even when feeling her present state, and half regretted that I did ought to stand."

the 25th of April, but the day had been gray my father, the law would require other proofs wind and rain. Passing down the walk, some gain from her was an impatientof the first time I saw it, and I was leaning over | honest folks ?" the gate, musing on the change "'twixt now and then," when James Sancroft came up the street ject now was to keep her from going to Gaktrom M.—. rapidly. I remember that his look lawn, to "right her child." Possibly, very probfrom M-, rapidly. I remember that his look and mien struck me as unusually excited; but, ably, she was mistaken in supposing my fat opposite direction, when I heard him call my name. I paused, and he came up, asking if I busy, by asserting a claim I could not prove. was going to the "Pines."

"Then I beg that you will forego your purpose for the present. I have sad news for old

I felt it; the overshadowing presentment of I made a gesture for him to proceed. "Mr. Cavendish is dead!

I neither spoke nor stirred for some seconds, only shivered as if I felt the cold wind of desoation again beating around my track. When I looked up, I met his intense penetra-

bed room, and with a forced "I am ready, sir," pleasant excitement as I opened the door. I must go-I cannot remain. My whole nature I followed him into the house. But I took no part in the preliminary words with which he prefaced his news, and he seemed content. After a few tears, of genuine sorrow, I have no doubt, he went on to relate the manner of his death, having received a brief note from Mr. Cavendish's lawyer, Mr. Spencer, of New

"A week since, it seemed, that gentleman had received a brief note from Mr. Cavendish. dated from New Haven, in which he spoke of the morning, and returned to his hotel. He did not meet his appointment, and, thinking he might be ill, Mr. Spencer called to see him. He had not left his room, and, on forcing the door, they found him dead in his bed—having passed away, apparently, without a struggle."

How coolly and deliberately he spoke, and

how every low word was like a nail fastening down-encoffining-the dearest hopes of my

our family, Mr. Spencer thinks it both proper and advisable that either Edward or myself, or both, should be present, particularly as his only known relative, Mr. Annesley, is not in the "I found her in this state a few moments known relative, Mr. Annesley, is not in the since, when, knowing it to be beyond her usual country. If you approved, I thought of telesand blindly began to stammer something, and broke down.

Mrs. Ellis looked at me with a sort of wonder, Mrs. Ellis looked at me with a sort of wonder,

"In that case, I must beg Miss Lathrop saying arm, thus, while I go for a physician? I wish to make as little alarm in the house as possible. You can call in Margaret, if you need anything."

"In that case, I must beg anss Lathrop here, whom I requested to come in with me, to break the news to Mrs. Ross. It will fall heavily on the old dame, and none can soften the blow better than our friend, who has been ever quite a favorite with them—that is, if she ever quite a favorite with them—that is, if she will be added that I may be added to the blow better than our friend, who has been ever quite a favorite with them—that is, if she

yearning look with which he turned away and threshold that night, of his kies on my brow, ample means to give it!" left the room was more expressive to me than and that man talking so coolly of business and death—daring to speak of softening the blow to that faithful old friend and servant—he would walk as chief mourner to his grave. But "Stay! I wish to speak of a pet project of mine, that the Principal was suffering from "a slight did not even sigh and utter commonplaces on Oaklawn and you. We owe you much for you attack of numbness in the limbs, something the uncertainty of life; their tones were low unwearied care during her illness-James him-

James Saucroft sent her out for a breath of white old head with grief, I alone, of all on one that will let him-just as if that person earth, had the right to mingle my tears with hers. She felt it thus—to her, I, the nameless, special ends!" after the attack, when, as Mr. Sancroft, who friendless teacher, represented the house she spent all his leisure moments there, sat writing and her father had so long served, and she brother until here to answer for himself. Miss at a table near her bed, she asked, in quite a clung to "Master Philip's child" with all the Lathrop, if suffering has made me bear too

will close her eyes, and lay her in the grave. If "No. I thought best not to distress her or I misdoubted His goodness when Master Philip Edward, until I could tell them you were better. turned from us, and Miss Helen's trouble came, Then do not tell them at all-at least, not may He forgive me. You will come here to live now, Miss Lina-you will come home Home! How pleasant the word sounded

and with that pale old face before me-with those faded blue eyes, in which hope and grati in a few seconds, making an effort to turn her, tude struggled with grief, looking so fondly and trustfully into mine, I shrank for a second from speaking what I deemed the truth. She saw "What was it my daughter Michal said about my hesitation, but, mistaking its cause, said,

"I know-I know, child, it'll no be the same note in her mother's letter, but I was not be. place, an' his step no more on stair or floorbut I think it would please him, Miss. He fretted sore that he did not keep you that

mine, "I will do all for you that Philip Caven- part," or any of per axiom. first time I truly live, Lica, because my nature dish's daughter can do-but I am afraid I

"Well, well, child—it's ratural for one so young to like a gayer life, I suppose; then you will just lay ale these anxieties, like a charm. always seemed so quiet-like-but it's all one Just listen; I wish her to succeed you as Printo old Alice, city or country, so that her master's

not conceive the possibility of any one's succeeding to Rathsay Cavendish's property, save and she can have the house and furniture at Master Philip's child," and I was forced to "No will!" she interrupted; as I spoke of

compelled so do what we must, not what we to son, brother to sister! "No new will, Alice," I said. "I have reason He entered as she spoke, and went to her to think that, after Miss Helen's death, having bedside. He had a paper in his hand, and, ob- no near relative, as he supposed, he made serving it, she said, sharply, "I told you not will in favor of Mrs. Ellis's children, and the property will go to them."

this roof, and walk these rooms; and you, sistants be faithful to you, and God prosper Philip Cavendish's child, driven out, a hire-You, with Miss Flora Saville's eyes!"

She had risen, and stood before me, trembling with excitement. break a will or change the past.

lieve Rathsay Cavendish ever wrote such a for the kindness that prompted this project, and paper, and said nothing of Master Philip. I the trust it implies, than any worldly advantage workings of that resolute soul-betokening know he always hoped that the story of his it might bring to me; but I cannot accept it. I death would prove false. I don't believe he shall leave Oaklawn at the end of this term." and sometimes regret; then, as her strong con- ever quite gave him up. I have heard him and stitution bore up against the disease, she sat up, still weak, but cool and reserved as ever. Balph Saville talk it over at times, and I don't on keeping you here for a neighbor! You are up, still weak, but cool and reserved as ever. believe he would quite give away, without one not serious, Mist Lathrop. You have not had

Again I tried to explain to her that, even it there should be a clause in the will relating to and chilly, with now and then a passing gust of of my right than her assertion; but all I could "What need of law, Miss Lina, an' they be

What need, to be sure! But my chief obname mentioned in the will. In that case, I had no wish to set the gossips of the region If it were, I must have time to think and act; and at last, more through her habitual reverter's niece, than the force of my arguments, I won her promise to keep silent. I also ascer-tained that she had a niece in this country—a sorrow struck like a cold mist to my heart, and widow, residing somewhere amid the Westches-

ter county hills-to whom her thoughts had turned sometimes, when a chance word of her master brought up the possibility of her outliving "the family;" and I felt assured, what-It was Mrs. Eilis's request that I should act

and hangered, and prayed, knelling in my heart—I comfort others! Why, what was he heart—I comfort others! Why, what was he heart—I comfort others! Why what her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should so heart of her? What her loss to mine, that I should in the others! I have deepen and profit, in which I have passed the best shows it now, and feels grieved at Miss Hut some and profit, in which I have passed the best so him, and blesses him with words. The horson to make a post-morten expension for that of the price of him, and blesses him with words. The horson to make a post-morten expension for that of the price of him, and blesses him with words. The was needed and profit, in which I have passed the best so held in the other is now in mourning for we are during the mine to double the of the price of him, and the other is and thread that of the price of him, and the other is hould need that of the price of the passed in the matter was hushed up; but and the other is hould need the price of the passed in the price of the passed in the matter was hushed up; but and the

would have withdrawn, but Mrs. Ellis bade me cries out against it!" enter, saying, in much of her old direct tone-"Wait, my son, until I have heard Miss Lathrop's report; then I will talk with you."

He left his position by the grate, and, coming round to his mother's arm chair, said, with that air of careles confident self-trust that al-

ways sate so graciously upon him—
"I wholly object mother. It's doubtless all correct, if Miss Lathrop's work. So lay it on the table or kick it under it, I beg. Thank Heaven, we have done with reports and such drudgeries. Besides, I want M'ss Lathrop to congratulate me. Mother very part into help of the state of th going West, on business, and desired Mr. Spencer to accompany him. He reached New York the evening of the 23d, called at Mr. Spencer's office. He was absent—seemed excited, the clerks said—appointed an hour for calling in ment. I want everybody to share my happiness.

"Then you will have to speak a little more rationally. You have puzzled Miss Lathrop al-

"Well, now, for an effort!" He tossed back the well, now, for the mort! He tossed back the waving brown har!, and, assuming a grave look, said, "By the wil of Professor Cavendish, made some months before his sudden death, Michal and I inherit the bulk of his property, amounting, as James thinks, to about fifty thousand dollars. Now, at I have a kind of heretical doubt as to "more when the root of all and?" doubt as to "mo ley being the root of all evil," and of course count feel the weight of all the of his sister; and, knowing his intentions toward our family, Mr. Spencer thinks it both proper and advisable that either Edward or myself, or both, should be present, particularly as his only known relative, Mr. Appealey is not in the sade of course cannot feel the weight of all the responsibilities with which my mother here says wealth is burdened, I want you, Miss Lina, to congratulate me fully and frankly."

How proud, at d handsome, and happy, were the dark-blue eyes bent on metal thinks.

as if one of her cuses had somewhere suddenly discovered a flav; but Edward sprang forward, and placed me a chair, (I had been standing,)

He spoke as quietly and calmly as if she will accept the office."

I bowed an assent—I felt, if I attempted to mother had fought, and how fortunate it is, as he laid her head upon the pillow, and the of my uncle's look as he blessed me on his that, when she needs rest most, I have such "Yes, sir." I spoke the words as mechani-

aided by James Sancroft, and she passed night

I was glad of the privilege of meeting old and day by the sick woman's couch, save when Alice alone. If my words bowed down her iron himself, and he uses every one else—every

"Edward, we will, if you please, leave you By this time I ad called up my will to school

"No, ma'am. "Yet ; ou are anxious-ill at easethat is not your isual look."

over-work. A lependent woman has causes he consented. enough for anxisty always." "Not unless the is weak or ambitious above her station. Besides, no woman can be really termed depend int, who can command the conscientiously erformed should be, to a well-

governed mind, sufficent reward! There spoke our Principal as in her days of health; there was didactic tone-the Oaklawn measure of wor an's needs; but, dear Heaven, how "weak and ill governed" must have been "Alice." I said, taking her withered hand in if she had said "the whole is greater than a

from the necessity. "Mother, he said, in view of all these changes, it is quite natural that Miss Lina should feel a little unsettled; but my plan cipal of the Seminary. The school you say is It was evident that the faithful old soul did cases at the close of this term, or before, if to pay Mr. Cavendish. Michal I know will be pleased-and is's just the thing for us all. her master's sudden death-"the Cavendish's

What do you say, mother?" "It has my approval," she replied, thoughtfully. I should be sorry to see the school go down. Miss Lathrop," she went on, turning to fully competent to this position, and I willingly operty will go to them."
"To them! They sit here, sleep beneath have been faithful to me, so may your as-

you in all!" I was surprised, touched by her solemn ma ner, and, taking the hand she extended toward with excitement.

"Dear Alice, it's little good Miss d'lora's eyes liberty I should hardly have taken under other herself said it was a noble aim to work for; will do me in this case, I fear. They cannot circumstances; then, moving back to my former

> "I thank you both from my heart-"Leave Oaklawn! when I have set my heart time to apply for a situation elsewhere!"

most grateful and, troubled at the thought, said, hastily-"I have no ettled plan-no situation in view. The idea is so recent-indeed, I have only

"Then thir is of it no more, Miss Lathrop. It will be so pleasant to Michal, with whom you were always a favorite, to find you here when we return nett spring. I say we, for I am de-termined to leave these business affairs to James, and take maria to Europe. You needn't compress your I ps, and put on that independent air; there is :10 favor in the case-we owe you

this, and more!" I shook bay head. "It cannot be, Mr. Edward. I could not live here; life must have a new settint; besides, I must have leisure—

"And is there anything in the air of Oaklawn "And is there anything in the dward, laugh-to prevent if at?" exclaimed Edward, laugh-"I wif a there was, and then we show be gayer. To see you, one would think this fortune, and all its responsibilities and temptations, had is len on your shoulders, instead of mine. Pray be less enigmatical, and stay at Oaklawn, I leg."

aklawn, I leg."
Before I could reply, Mrs. Ellis said, with a slight look o impatience in her tones, evidence of human wakness seldom betrayed until since

"Miss Lathrop, a simple 'yes' or 'no' would be much more intelligible, especially as I do not claim the right to inquire into your reasons. Melodramatics are unnecessary. Her cool disdain nerved me at once, and I

said, calmly—
"Then, with all due gratitude, I say, no!" Her thin lips muttered the word "weak," as I turned away, while Edward opened the door for me, saying—
"Well, here is disappointment the first; but
remember, Miss Lina, there will ever be a cosy
corner for you at the 'Pines,' or elsewhere, the most hideous to be conceived. It is a gathering of infected beggars, of disgusting nudi-

For the National Era. A PRAYER.

wherever Edward Ellis is master!'

If I have erred in groping for the light That streameth from the far-off golden portals, Chasing the shadows from the guilty night That broodeth o'er the tribe of erring mortals-If I have grasped at shadowy forms, and fair, Thinking the true, the right, the good, were there. Nor sought to break the spell in which they bound me Father! forgive me!

If I have ever found a bitter tear Coursing down cheeks with sin and sorrow paling And left no ray of joy to picture there Prismatic glory through the grief-drops falling-If I have heard, amid life's human choir, One tone with sorrow's unmistaken quiver, And touched all carelessly the answering lyre, Causing sweet strings at the rude touch to shiver-Father! forgive me!

If I have ever turned, with withering scorn, To censure ill, mistaken or designing, And drank not patiently the bitter cup Which thou in love hast proffered, unrepining If I have learned not, from earth's Holiest One, To bear its thousand ills, its wrongs, its sorrows As but the darkness fleeing from the day, The dusky herald of a glorious morning-

Father! forgive me!

LIFE IN PARIS.

Paris, April 9, 1857. La Daniella," George Sand's Last Novel and

To the Editor of the National Era: To the Editor of the National Era:

The last chapter of the new novel, "La Daniella," by George Sand, appeared, a few days

iella," by George Sand, appeared, a few days past, in the Feuilleton of La Presse, and I must ciety by celibacy. Is it an cligarchy? More candidly acknowledge that I am glad it has than anything else; that absence of hereditary come to an end. It was, as the Germans forcibly express it, langueilig, (tiresome.)

The heroine is an Italian grisette, who served as a chambermaid to the niece of a wealthy and her father had so long served, and she clung to "Master Philip's child" with all the tenacity of her class.

"Thank God, Alice Ross will not be left to drag out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old days among strangers, or to day out her old not the teachings of philosophy, as for the old not strangers and Pope; but I do not the teachings of philosophy, as for the old my faltering tonque, and I answered, clearly- certain death by robbers. Medora's (the niece of Lord B.) admiration for Valreg's dexterity She put on Fer glasses and scanned me in knocking down genuine brigands is so great, that she falls desperately in love with our hero, "Possibly; b't be assured the cause is not and would have married him on the spot, had he is not intended to produce. His mission is

Valreg, however, found the chambermaid, the child of a warm clime, much more attractive, and rejects the hand of the rich and fair heir-Medora, morning to impenetrable fog.

her maid, dismisses Daniella, who returns her romantic village, near Rome. Valreg, truelover-like, follows her; in the house of Danielmy mind, for her words touched no more than in spite of Medora's intrigues, are engaged to be married. Medora, driven to desperation at seeing the failure of all her schemes, determines ful Rome, of the degraded population, and of to marry some one else, throws herself into the before taking that step, she chances to meet Valreg, and the yet flickering flame revives. ti She discards the Prince sans cérémonie, once more offering her hand and fortune to the young artist; honest Valreg loves Daniella, and again expresses his determination to marry her. Medors, enraged, engages herself forthwith to another French artist, who is greatly taken with her fortune, and the marriage is determined of the inflexible police in this country. have been tied, the Italian Prince reappears, and Medora's democratic notions vanish the sight of the princely coat of arms. Without much urging, she goes to the altar with her princely lover, and, to the great mortification of the French fortune-hunter, returns as the

Princess Macaroni. This is the essence of Madame George Sand's ast novel. The scene is laid near Rome, the ower classes of Italians are well depicted, and, as a matter of course, brigands, priests, subterranean vaults, and antiquities, fill up the remain der of the canvass.

The plot is tame; but Madame George Sand is too well known and writes too well to publish anything devoid of interest. There may not be anything objectionable in her language to a Frenchman; but to the American reader it would be strongly so, for it has too much of the laisser aller so common to the French writers of the present time.

The most remarkable chapter is the last, of which the following is a translation: " After having spoken of the illustrious dead of which the artistic world is here composed, I would also like to speak to you of the living. But the living ones, alas! the living ones, I sought everywhere without finding them. I was told that here there once existed a great peoso very long since it grave proofs of its valor, patriotism, and enthusiasm. But where does that heroic people of the last revolution hide itself? It is concealed, silent, and waiting. It have become demoralized to such a degree as to be the same people now seen in the streets, with outstretched hands, begging for alms.

"A people of beggars! * * * It is true

that these beggars have hatred expressed in their eyes and a curse on their tongue's end! Oh! if there are some of those that so lately re-conquered their liberty, have pity on those heroes of yesterday, have pity on the conquer-ors of a day, who, by their rapid degradation, proclaim that painful truth of the ancients, When the gods reduced man to slavery, they deprived him of half of his soul.' If a large majority of that people, as it appears at present, is wedded to indolence, cowardice, and all the other vices engendered by them, if Rome is the sink of villains and spies, whose fault is it? If a free people would rather live on the alms of their oppressors than work, it would deserve the contempt of the universe. But when the serf of an absolute power, theocratical and in-fallible, falls to the lowest degree of abjection, to whom must we ascribe it? Upon what ground can we expect that such a people should be possessed of virtues, when it is not allowed to think

"The people of Rome is not a population, in It was Mrs. Ellis's request that I should act as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much, and for that reason wish your assistance in breaking it to my mother."

It was Mrs. Ellis's request that I should act as Principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much, and for that reason wish your assistance in breaking it to my mother."

It was Mrs. Ellis's request that I should act as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much, and for that reason wish your assistance as much, and for that reason wish your assistance to busy, teeping everything in the old as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much, and for that reason wish your assistance to busy, teeping everything in the old as much, and for that reason wish your assistance ther illness.—

"Edward there is nothing very remarkable or mysteriotis in the mere love of change—desire of novelty; and such is, if I understand her aright, Miss Lathrop's only reason for refusing what, in our humble judgment, seems a permanent good—a position of use, and honor, the priest in look and thought, but bends its of number of the principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much as principal during her son's absence, and I was too busy, teeping everything in the old as much as principal during her so fact, but a mob; it is not a flock of ingenuous

having made vows to the Virgin Mary, or some other patron saint. But whenever deceived by fortune, the holy Virgin and the sain's are insulted and damned in a loud voice, and in terms that would not be addressed with us to the most abject of human beings, or to the most infamous of his associates.

"When the Pope shows himself in public,

there still gathers about him a crowd he so far mistrusts as to keep far distant by a number of ill-natured and rude Swiss soldiers, in opera cos-"It must be acknowledged that that crowd is

ty, lacerated with all sorts of sores and wounds, covered with vermin, and all the monstrosities only to be produced by nightmare. The Pope and Cardinals drag gold and purple in the midst of these rags and filth. How humiliating! What adeplorable specimen of Christian equality! It is a terrible sight. The immorality of Man is not to be seen so depraved anywhere else; the atrocities of which the pagan world

"To be sure, the scene has changed the personages. The terrible Cæsars are mild and high holy priests, and the enthusiastic victims are degraded beggars. But in fact there are the same contrasts and the same horrors. The lions and tigers of the Coliseum appear in the form of depravity, corruption, and misery. All Rome is an arena where the eye of the curious spectator can behold the most hideous forms of physical and moral destruction.

"But let us look at Rome in its brilliant mo-

ments, when the cardinals, bishops, and the young Monsignori, pass, with a firm step, a high head, ardent eyes, and a triumphant mien, through the streets. To them belong good forthrough the streets. To them belong good to tune and joy, liberty and impunity—to them belong the fine horses and carriages, the search long the fine horses and carriages, the search long the holles the exquisite toilets, and long the fine horses and carriages, the search long the holles the exquisite toilets, and long the fine horses and salutes them as the revivers of past reminisences.

Madame Ristori has returned, and resumed long the fine horses and salutes them as the revivers of past reminisences. taste for he fine arts.
"Must we look in the vices of man for the

cause of this degradation or agony of society? its Effects—Trading and Tricking in High
Life—The Imperial Court in Mourning—
The Expected Visit of the Grand Duke Constantine—The Ballet Marco Spada—Mad
Bistori

The Would be very easy to recommend the harmangues of the reformers of past times. There the causes are manifold; but the principal one at present is the very form of the Pontifical Government, which has no equal in the world, and which has the faults of all known constitutions. It would be very easy to recommend the hatutions, without having any of their good qualities. Is it a monarchy? No: because it is rights here forms an element of frightful disorder, because the ambition of families, dangerous in itself, becomes an ambition entirely individual and sterile.

family; instead, he constitutes the society which he forms according to the model of the convent, where every individual liberty must be renounto contemplate and to pray. All are monks

convent funds nourishes a race of poor equally to do so. The soil dries up, the air is infected, the human race degenerates, body and soul perist in the immobility of nonentity, the melancholy city, wherein distorted beings move find the mazy paths leading to the goal strewn eternal dirge of death." with flowers; though they encounter the rudest that this innocent novel caused a third warning to La Presse. Madame George Sand touched a wrong string when she spoke of doletoward circumstances, while others shrink with

its miserable Government, in the most energetic from the rude and riotous discord of the world. language, full of truth, to which every one who has visited Italy and its ancient capital must acquiesce. But truth is not to be spoken at all mes and in all places, when it reflects on the Sovereigns of Europe. If Madame George Sand had attacked the Republics of the New World, nothing would have been said; but the Pope of the most holy church is too important a personage to be il spoken of on the eve of a coronation, and La

Presse may forever be suppressed by the will A Belgian paper, which is, by the way, al ways well informed on Parisian matters, speaking of things as they are, recently took the liberty to publish a piquant story on the illustri-

ous Count de Morney.

Not long since, I stated in one of my letters that the Count in his days of obscurity was poor; and had it not been for a tender-hearter ady, who kept him in pocket-money, he would have become a constant inmate of Clichy. But and he is now rolling in wealth and splendor. When the Count was chosen to represent his Imperial brother at the coronation of the Czar, the good-natured protectress of our Count, covite court, in the hope that he might sell them to advantage to a Russian Crossus. The Count accordingly put them into his trunk, promising his good friend to prove to her his

extraordinary talent for trade. Judging from the accounts given of him just after the coronation, the Count must have been very busy selling horses, pictures, plate, shawls, and other wares, but nothing was said of the

The papers assign the following causes:
The inflammable Morney, as we know full well, fell in love prima vista with an ermine princess. Liberal to excess, the charmed Count was at a loss for a betrothal present, when he fortunately recollected that he had the diamonds of his protectress in his possession he laid them at the little feet of his lady-love, and they have since been the admiration of the whole Russian Court. Strange as it may seem, he omitted to request the former owner not to to feel uneasy, and wrote to remind him of them; his reply runs thus: "Ma chere amie: I have given those trinkets to my bride, as a air of my devoted and sincere affection; and I now give to you the assurance that I shall

diamonds was too much to be borne patiently; the former could be recovered; but the latter, worth two millions and a half of frances, were more difficult to be replaced. In a moment of excitement, she went to his Majesty Napoleon III, to lay the matter before him, accompanying her exposé with the following energetic remarks: "If Count de Morney does not pay me the amount above stated, moreover, another small sum of one million and a half of francs, making in all four millions, I will bring suit against him, and the world at large shall be made acquainted with the singular business qualifications with which the illustrious Count sendowed."

The Emperor hastened to promise relief. The Emperor hastened to promise relief. last, a young French Protestant gentleman, After a short note from the Tuilleries, the named M. Pierre Emile L'Angelier, who is con-Count agreed to submit the affair to arbitration, stating his willingness to pay any reasonable amount claimed. The Emperor then assured the Countess that

The suit brought against Mr. Parotin, editor of the Memoirs du Maréchal Marmont, fiscals, after inquiring into the circumstances by the heirs of Eugène Beauharnais, has been of the case, they transmitted the stomach and

will be given in honor of his visit to the Emperor. The Prefet is already making prepara-tions for a ball at the Hotel de Ville, which will eclipse all others yet given there in grandeur and elegance.

There will also be balls and parties at the Tuilleries, and a banquet and ball at the Rus-

During the past year, the ballet Le Corsaire to win the laurels; and Madame Ferraris has agine her to be a feather floating in the air, at the mercy of every capricious breeze.

The music of the ballet Marco Spada is not new, though very beautiful. Auber has brought | lan in consequence of a letter addressed to him together in the best taste the finest melodies of his favorite operas, the Diamans de la Couronne, the Domino Noir, the Siréne, the Concert

Whether or not the parties really did or did not à la Cour, and others, all thrown together in rapid succession, to delight the hearer, who rec-

her performances at the Italian Opera, in the character of Mary Stuart, and was hailed with the usual enthusiasm; neither flowers nor applause were wanting to assure her continued success. Those of Myrrha and Ottavia will follow in succession. But the greatest attraction of the season will be the new tragedy written for her by M. Montenelli, Camma, a Gallic Heroine, taken from Plutarque, and well suited to the character of her extraordinary talent.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.-To those who toil ceaselessly with the brain, and devote long hours to drinking at the well-springs and fountain heads of literature, that they may be able to impart their refreshing influences to wide circles of readers who look to them for ter; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and ced, to the injury of all, and to the profit of no the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth The priest is not intended to work, because except it be in the distribution; the rest is but the victory; of great riches there is no real use, conceit." The valuable aphorisms of the philosopher-statesman-the Franklin of the Elizathere; no one works. The sterile wealth of the bethan age—are paraphrased to suit more modern times, and to impart some consolation sterile, who only know how to pray, or appear to those who labor intellectually instead of in the fields, work shop, or counting house, by the editor of the Keckuk (Iowa) Evening Times: "Though the profession of literature, by far rewards; though the saves bade to ferendom

the peculiar sensibility of their temperaments

into the peaceful slumbers of death-yet, in spite of all this, there is still something to recompense them for their labors. There can be no greater happiness than that which enables them to be above dependence on others for pleasures-to have sources of enjoyment within hemselves-and to feel that their own thoughts and reflections are their best wealth. Nor is there any egotism in this feeling. Far from it. The stores thus laid up make them generally better members of society, more ready to assist and more able to advise their fellow-men. Standing aloof from the busy game of life, they can better estimate the motives and skill of the players, and their chances for success. Having no stake at issue, their opinion is more correct and their judgment less biased. Thus their position in the community is useful to others, while many enjoyments which to the glitter of wealth, high position, and the busy actor upon the stage of life, seem insignificant and valueless, become to them the sources of hourly delights. Who better than these unpractical dreamers are capable of rising to a contemplamendeus Past, with its millennial records inscribed upon the tablets of successive strata? Whose eyes are open to the glories and wonders that surround them in the illimitable heavens above and this small globe, at once man's palace and his prison? Infinite forms of beauty, unseen forces which operate in apparent complication but real simplicity, bonds of union connecting powers the most incongruous, mysterious agents whose effects are only traced through the still more mysterious primeval cause, and many other wonders which the practical men, the men of sugar, tallow, hides, coffee, and train-oil, cannot see, and, if seeing, cannot appreciate! The external ills of lifeoverty, sickness, and neglect-will not induce them to change places with the men of mere lect and misery may embitter their brief existence; but even this is preferable to half a century of legers, day-books, and balance sheets. bank books and overflowing sales. bloom for them in vain. Who would thus pre-

not forget to acknowledge your continued friendship," &c.

The Countess Leon considered herself rather cavatierly treated. The loss of both heart and days, the public of Glasgow have been deeply moved by the report that a gentleman had been oisoned by his sweetheart, the daughter of a highly-respectable family which moves in the better classes of society. These rumors obtained embodiment and confirmation when it became known that the young lady had actually been Horse shoes apprehended at the instance of the Public rosecutor, and that she is at this moment in the prison of Glasgow, on the charge of suspected poisoning. As there is no public coroner's inquest in Scotland, the real facts connected with a case of this kind are difficult to be had; but it is believed that the following recital is authentic, so far as it goes : It appears that on Monday, the 23d of March

nected with the house of Messrs. W. & B. Huggins, extensive foreign merchants in Glasgow, died suddenly in his lodgings in the city. From circumstances which came to their knowledge, the worth of the articles would be paid, and the firm we have named, on their own respon-the matter was hushed up: but all the world sibility, requested Dr. Steven, who had been in

The case having been reported to the sheriff's chemists for chemical analysis. The result of The Grand Duke Constantine is expected at the analysis was the discovery in the stemach London the 22d of April, and will reach Paris and viscera of a considerable quantity of irri towards the last of this month. Many fetes tant poison. As there was nothing to lead to the inference that M. L'Angelier had himsel thus violently terminated his existence, an in quiry of a searching character was instituted. It appears that the deceased had been on a short visit to the Bridge of Allan, (a fashionable watering-place, about 35 miles from Glasgow,) from which he returned rather unexpect edly on the night of Sunday, the 22d ult.; and leaving his lodgings about 8 o'clock, he took was the wonder and admiration of all strangers. The brilliant scenery, the queenly beauty of Madame Rosati and her majestic movements, had not yet been equalled, in public estimation. But Mazillier has proved to the Parisian world that "monders will never cooks." The wonders will never cooks? The world who prescribed for him without having the body and soul, the prize attached to the winning body and soul at the prize attached to the winning body and soul at the prize attached to the winning body and soul at the prize attached to the winning body and soul at the prize attached to the winning body and soul at the prize attached to the winning body and soul at the prize at the prize attached to the winning body attached to the winning body and soul at the prize attached to the winning body attached to the winning body attached to the winning body attached to t these creatures is as repugnant as their sores. that "wonders will never cease." The new Man is not to be seen so deprayed anywhere pantomime ballet, Marco Spada, recently promost distant notion that he was suffering from else; the atrocities of which the pagan world was the theatre, the beasts of the circus devouring men in the presence of a public thirsting for blood, slaves whipped and tortured, all that contempt for humanity which fills up the annals of Rome, seem to be perpetuated and incarnated in the besoms and habits of the Romans.

pantomime ballet, Marco Spada, recently produced at the French Opera, promises greater success than the Corsaire. It is taken from a comic opera by Scribe, and the music is by Auber. It is wanting, however, in novelty, and its greatest attraction may, without doubt, be said to be the strife between two celebrated in the besoms and habits of the Romans.

mans.

most distant notion that he was suffering from the effects of acrid poison. During the night, we learn that the young man was from time to time attended by his landlady, and was often convulsed with agony. He became more quiet to be said to be the strife between two celebrated rivals (Madame Rosati and Madame Ferraris) but when the Doctor again called, on the fore rivals (Madame Rosati and Madame Ferraris) has no more. That he was proved to have was no more. That he was proved to have certainly gained the victory. Madame Rosati will ever be picturesque and beautiful in the course of the investigation which followed, it came out, from oral tes-But Madame Ferraris is too light and airy to timony as well as from the presence of a vast be brought in contact with her more plastic though splendid rival; indeed, one could im- of close intimacy with Miss Madeleine Smith, of close intimacy with Miss Madeleine Smith. the daughter of a highly-respectable architect residing in Blythwood square, and there is reason to believe that he left the Bridge of Al-

> meet on that Sunday night, is not yet publicly known; but in resorting to the extreme step of apprehending Miss Smith, the authorities no doubt acted on the fact, which is not disputed, that, on more than one occasion, the lady, who is only 21 years of age, procured arsenic during the month of March at the shops of more than one of the Glasgow West End chemists. The possession of this poison, however, is compatible with entire innocence, for it is known that arsenic is occasionally used by young ladies as

The thought that a highly and virtuously bred young lady could destroy her lover, is too appalling for belief; but the public voice supplies a reason, in the circumstance that a gen tleman in a much more promising and prominent position in life than that occupied by L'Angelier had become a suitor for the young lady's hand, and that he had been accepted by her and her parents. This we set down as a rumor of the day. Meanwhile, though the young lady is in the hands of justice, there is nothing in her preceedings, so far as known, incompatible with innocence. She was judicially examined at great length on Tuesday last, did not take freely on the paper. — London

MAPLE SUGAR. - The Tioga Agitator says that county has produced 400,000 pounds, of maple sugar this season, which is just double the amount produced in 1850, according to the Census statistics. The same proportion is said to hold good in nearly all the large sugar producting districts, the season having been a favorable one, and the high price of sugar having stimulated production.

The total amount produced in 1850 was 19.357.484, Ohio 4,588.209, Indiana 2,921,192. Pennsylvania 2,326,825. Assum349,357, and duct to have doubled, the total this year worre e 68,506,872, which would be equal to 62,506 hogsheads of New Orleans sugar. The in-Louisiana sugar for the past year.

Of the counties in Pennsylvania producing 134,887; Susquehannab, 157,181; 3,705; Fayette, 86,630; Greene, 67,431; Washington, 25,963; Westmoreland, 31,242; &c. Allegheny is set down as yielding only no doubt it had considerable

channels of commerce. It is mainly reserved taken by many of our prominent leaders.

How to MAIL A LETTER .- There would be office, if the operation of mailing came directly chased at a window, while the letters are dethan some people possess. A day or two ago, an exotic from the vicinity of Leipsic handed the clerk a letter, to go to Bangor. The clerk said, "You will have to purchase a stamp." Exotic said "yaw," and handed out three cents receiving in return a likeness of Washington. done in vermilion paper. He then sought out hunted up the stamp, and sent it in also. As in all probability the German's letter went to Bangor by the way of the dead letter office at Washington. Of course, such occurrences must be rare; but the incident goes to show that, at a general post office, a large margin of charity must be left for unsophistication and

The officials connected with a metropolitan post office have, at all times, a good deal to contend with. Imputations are frequently cast upon their integrity or carefulness, when the non-arrival of letters was owing solely to the illegibility of their direction. It is not unfrequently the case, that letters are dropped into the office without any direction at all; while though attended at the close with plethoric are so carelessly or ignorantly superscribed, ten per cent. of the entire number deposited Love of that not one person in a hundred, except the gain will absorb all that is noble in humanity. writer, could by any possibility decipher them. The more men shut out the true enjoyment of So much is this the case, that in the London life from their hearts, the stronger are the post office, a clerk, called the "blind man," from the facility with which he translates blindworldly cares, interested soul and heart in the ly-directed epistles, has for many years been pursuit of gold, the sun shines and the flowers employed, at a high salary, to attend solely to this business. There is scarcely a post office pare his immortal spirit for the Hereafter which in the country where the same difficulty does not exist, and where the postmasters and clerks do not receive censure for matters utterly be-THE VALUE OF IRON .- The British Quarter

y Review gives the following curious and in instructive calculation: A bar of iron, worth one pound sterling, worth, when worked into-

Needles Penknife blades Buttons and buckles Springs of watches A piece of cast iron, worth one pound sterling, is worth, when converted into Ornamental works Buttons and Berlin works Neck chains Shirt buttons Thirty one pounds of iron have been made into wire upwards of 111 miles in length.

him, a document was got up, signed by a large number of sinners, "remonstrating agains turning that man back into the world again.' postponed for a fortnight, in consequence of its contents to one of our most eminent local her death.

On the case, they framement the storage and furning that man back into the world again.'

We suggest similar action to the bar of Boston chemists for chemical analysis. Hartford (Conn.) Press.

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RAFFLING FOR A JESUIT.- A Paris corres nondent of a Belgian paper says : "Permit me to give you one of the ingular and incredible of items. * The Jesuits are building a church in the rue de Sevres, and lack funds to complete it. The reverend fathers are poor, but they are rich in spirit; and this is what their characteristic in ventive genius has devised: They have opened a lottery; not a noisy lottery, designed to attract the vulgar; it is not indeed a silver vase,

body and soul, the prize attached to the winning number. "You are astonished! Listen, then. Here are the details, exact and precise, which you can confirm at the faubourg Saint Germain, where the tickets are :

"1st, None but married women can hold the "2d! Each ticket is a hundred francs.
"3d. The prize is the Reverend Father Lefe

bore, who now preaches during Lent in the parish of Foreign Missions. It is he who, con trary to the law by which every lottery should be approved by the prefects, has written as many autograph letters as he has sent tickets, and with a charming simplicity has said to every dame, that, finding the company unable to furnish a prize of any value, he had con-ceived the idea of offering himself." WALL-PAPER POISONING. - Dr. Hinds, of

Birmingham, has lately called attention to a method of accidental arsenical poison which should be generally known, and from which he was himself the sufferer. He chanced to select. for the adornment of his study, a particularly bright-tinted wall-paper, a pattern of which was confined to two shades of green. About two days after it had been applied, he first used the room in the evening, sitting there and reading by a gas-light. Whilst thus engaged he was seized with severe depression, nausea, abdominal pain, and prostration. The same chain of symptoms ensued on every subsequent even ng when he occupied the room. This led to an inquiry into the cause. He scraped off a little of the bright coloring mattering from his pretty green paper, and, by sublimation, produced abundant crystals of arsenious acid. The paper was colored with arsenite of copper, Scheele's green.) The use of this pigment to color wall papers has already proved injurious in previous cases. In one, a child sucked some strips of paper thus thus colored, and narrowly escaped with life. (Ed. Monthly Journal, 1851.) Dr. Hinds remarks, that the presence of the arsenical pigment may be recognised by its brilliant hue, and by a little running of the color at the edges of the pattern, as though it

Our readers have probably heard of the "lick-ing" which Queen Victoria's son once got gow Exchange and Hamilton Palace,—London from the poor fisherman's boy. And somebody sang of it as follows:

The Prince of Wales, one summer's da Come on! his Roya! Highnes

THE INDIANA DEFEAT.

[An intelligent correspondent in Indiana 34,253,436 pounds, of which New York produced gives us, in the following letter, what, in his opinion, were the causes which led to the triumph of the Democracy in that State in the

The defeat of the Republican party in Indi ana was not anticipated by many of our shrewdcreased production alone, caused by high prices, est politicians, and various reasons have since may be set down at 34,000 hogsheads, which is been assigned for it. By some it is attributed at least equal to half the estimated product of to the Know Nothing party: and, doubtless, that bitter root of old defunct Whiggery, spring ing up, troubled us. But too much important maple sugar, Erie produced, in 1850, 333,748 has been attached to it; for though it operated pounds; Somerset, 373,798; Tioga, 202,851; generally in favor of Old Lineism, it also bore Crawford, 219,992; Bradford, 193,391; Potter, some Republican fruit; and we would have lost Warren, the State, had there been no such party. Others assign our defeat to the reaction which has taken place on the Temperance question, and 1,587 pounds—a sum far below the actual pro- changing the vote of 1854. But there was a But little of this sugar finds its way into the the notice it deserved, viz: the half-way ground third cause of defeat, which has not received

Contrary to my former practice, I attended several political meetings, and heard a number of Republican speakers present their cause be less dead letters than there now are in the post fore the public; and the impression made upon office, if the operation of mailing came directly my mind was, that our party was like the feet and legs of the great image in Nebuchalnezzar's posited in a loop-hole on the left. For a stran-men as Julian, Clay, Hull, and Godfrey, exhib dream, partly strong and partly broken. Such ger to find the latter, requires more acuteness ited the strength of the Iron. They brought all their artillery to bear upon Slavery, the great Sebastopol of the devil's empire in our land. In language at once just and forcible, they appealed through the understanding and the heart to the conscience of the people; and if the Mamelons and Malakoffs of the peculiar institution were not thrown down and demolished, they were at least seriously damaged-a the operations were about two minutes apart, But when others took the stand, there was manifested the weakness of the miry clay.

They labored much to repel the charge of Ab ditionism made against the Republican party. They apologized for the fact that the entire old liberty party were co-operating with them, and had a seat in the Republican Convention. They were never tired of lauding the political principles and achievements of Henry Clay; and in reference to the Kansas Nebraska bill, the ondemned it merely as a breach of nationa faith, and were opposed to Slavery entering seek homes in that Western Eden, they would be compelled to labor and compete with slaves. It is evident that such different elements could not cordially coalesce, any more than iron can

SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO MR. BANKS. The editor of the Charleston (S. C.) Courier

a letter from Cedar Grove, given an account

Representatives of Georgia, in the course of which the conversation turned upon Governor Aiken's course in moving the vote of thanks to Mr. Banks at the close of the session. He says : "Mr. Saward strongly justified and vindicaed Governor Aiken's course, in his conversation with me, as he had previously done, in his place in Congress. He said that the office, in courtesy and in accordance with usage, properly devolved on Governor Aiken, as the chief competitor of Mr. Banks for the Speaker's chair. which Gov. A. came within one vote of reach ing; and that, unless there had been good or special cause for a departure from custom, time honored in the observance, it would have been churlish in Governor Aiken not to have prof fered the usual tribute. That tribute, he said. vas not only due, in the case of Mr. Banks, as matter of form, but richly deserved by him, as matter of substance. Irrespective of and not-withstanding his Black Republicanism, Mr. Banks, he said, had made one of the ablest best, and most impartial Speakers that had ever filled the chair. His position gave hi opportunity, and his antecedents would seem to have predisposed him to make a partisan The story that Rev. Mr. Kalloch is about to Speaker; but, on the contrary, in his anxie was investigating certain charges against a stature, it might be said of 1 d, as was said of member, and, just as they were about expelling an exjudge of our own State, in his honorable